

RELIEF FOR EAST TENNESSEE.

MEETING AT COOPER INSTITUTE,

Thursday Evening, March 10, 1864.

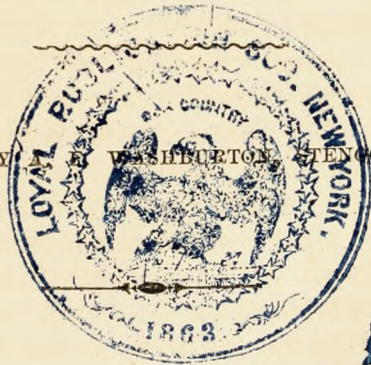
ADDRESS

OF

HON. N. G. TAYLOR,

(Late Representative from East Tennessee.)

REPORTED BY



NEW YORK:

WM. C. BRYANT & Co., PRINTERS, 41 NASSAU STREET, COR. LIBERTY.

1864.

PRELIMINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Saturday, Feb. 20, 1864.

The Hon. N. G. TAYLOR, former Representative from East Tennessee :

Dear Sir,—The undersigned having been made aware of the important mission with which you are charged, under the approbation of the Governor of Tennessee, namely, the relief of the suffering Union men of that State, are desirous that you should make a statement of your mission and of the condition of that loyal but unfortunate population to the people of this city, to the end that they may be enabled to participate in the wide movement which is now making to alleviate their sufferings.

They, therefore, earnestly desire that you will name a day when it will be convenient for you to address a public meeting to be held in New York for this purpose.

Respectfully, your obedient servants,

W. E. DODGE,	ADRIAN ISELIN,
JONATHAN STURGES,	ROBT. B. ROOSEVELT,
WM. T. BLODGETT,	HIRAM WALBRIDGE,
PETER COOPER,	GEORGE GRISWOLD,
GEORGE OPDYKE,	JOHN C. GREEN,
CHARLES BUTLER,	MORRIS KETCHUM,
WM. K. STRONG,	S. B. CHITTENDEN,
JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, Jr.	

New York, Monday, March 7, 1864.

Gentlemen,—I have the honor to own receipt of your kindly letter of Feb. 20, inviting me to name an evening upon which I may address the people of the city of New York upon the unhappy condition and suffering of the Union men of East Tennessee, and solicit from your often taxed but always generous liberality, some aid and relief to my unfortunate neighbors and friends in that section.

I have just returned from a tour through the Eastern States, where I have been received with the utmost kindness, and where my efforts have met with success.

I will have the honor of addressing the citizens of New York on Thursday evening next, 10th inst., if agreeable to you.

Thanking you in the name of my countrymen for your kindness,

I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

N. G. TAYLOR.

Messrs. W. E. Dodge, Jonathan Sturges, William T. Blodgett, Peter Cooper, George Opdyke, and others.

New York, March 9th, 1864.

Major-Genl. A. E. BURNSIDE :

General,—On the evening of Thursday, 10th inst., Hon. N. G. Taylor, former Representative from East Tennessee, will address the citizens of New York with an appeal for relief for that loyal but unfortunate section. Many of our best citizens participate in this movement and are interested in its success. Your recent command in that section, and your defence of its soil from the rebel, invasion have indissolubly connected your name with that of East Tennessee ; and it seems therefore particularly appropriate that you should accede to the request which I have the honor to make in the name of the gentlemen who have requested Mr. Taylor to deliver an address, namely, to preside over the meeting ; and with your permission, I will so announce.

Truly and respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, Jr.

Pursuant to the foregoing correspondence, a meeting of the citizens of New York was called at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday evening.

Gen. W. K. STRONG, in a few introductory remarks, explained the occasion of their disappointment, in the absence of Gen. Burnside, as President of the meeting, and read the following letter :

Fifth Avenue Hotel, March 10, 1864.

JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, Jr., Esq. :

My Dear Sir,—On my return from New Haven this afternoon, I found your kind note asking me to preside at the meeting to be addressed this evening by the Hon. N. G. Taylor in behalf of the suffering people of East Tennessee, and am very sorry that an important engagement in reference to my official duties, will prevent me from being with you at the opening of the meeting. It is possible that I may be able to join you during the evening. You know how much sympathy I have for the brave and noble people of East Tennessee, and how much I admire their unswerving loyalty—and how much I desire to see their present wants supplied by the more prosperous loyal sections. They deserve aid, and I am sure they will receive it.

Thanking the gentlemen of the Committee for the honor done me by asking me to preside at your meeting, I remain,

Very truly yours,

A. E. BURNSIDE.

Gen. HIRAM WALBRIDGE was nominated and elected as presiding officer. After thanking the meeting for the honor done him, he said :

GEN. WALBRIDGE'S SPEECH.

The patriotic citizens of this great commercial metropolis have so often and so generously bestowed their liberality since the commencement of the rebellion, that now, in appealing to them in behalf of the suffering Unionists of East Tennessee, it may not be inappropriate to state the circumstances of their present condition—the causes which have produced it, and the hope they entertain of again speedily occupying their once proud position in the galaxy of States that constitute the American Republic.

Located in the geographical centre of the old Union—there, amid their native fastnesses, and in the mountains, they have never yielded to the demands of the traitors of the so-called Confederacy, though often pressed by overwhelming numbers to renounce their allegiance to the Federal Union.

Twenty-five thousand of the choicest sons of East Tennessee, in the liberating armies of the republic, have stripped that community of its defenders, leaving their aged sires, their defenceless mothers, and their unprotected daughters, to the mercy of those formerly their neighbors and friends, who have yielded to the mad and wicked spirit of secession. A common humanity should have dictated that a population thus dependent for protection on the gallantry of those who have been temporarily in power there, should have caused those who boast of their chivalry to avoid the atrocities which they have freely committed, and at the mere recital, of which the cheek turns pale. But this foul spirit of secession is alike deaf to the claims of humanity or the ties of consanguinity. This, however, need not excite surprise. A people who have voluntarily determined to overthrow the fabric of constitutional government must, in advance, have qualified themselves for every species of atrocity known to human annals.

These facts, however, only augment our responsibility to contribute whatever lies in our power to alleviate their sufferings,

and restore them to their original condition as it existed before the rebellion began. It is indeed hard, that in the third year of the contest—with over twenty millions of population from which to draw our resources and strength—we should be now under the necessity of alleviating the famishing wants of the Unionists of East Tennessee, and defending them against the brutality and outrages of a confederacy which, from the beginning, never numbered more than six millions of rebel population.

This portion of Tennessee was originally settled by emigrants from the "Old North State," who inherited their convictions of popular liberty from the men who fought at "King's Mountain," and passed the "Mechlenburgh" declaration of independence. From 1774 to 1784, "North Carolina" exercised legislation over this territory. But in the succeeding year of 1785, that government becoming distasteful to those hardy and vigorous pioneers, they were unwilling to yield to the imperious demands of the slave legislation of the parent State, and they, consequently, organized themselves into a separate political community, under the name of "Franklin." And until 1788 they maintained a separate political existence, whose distinguishing characteristics were political equality and universal freedom. This territory was, however, subsequently re-annexed to "North Carolina," and by her ceded to the General Government. And such was the increase in her population and the development of her resources, that after being merged into a territorial organization with "Middle" and "West Tennessee," they were admitted into the Union as a State in 1796.

This inherent love of liberty, early engendered in her first distinct political organization, has ever since continued to exercise its legitimate influence on the sentiment of her people. And while other sections in surrounding States have become more and more thoroughly imbued in their idolatry to slavery, the population of East Tennessee, catching inspiration from the invigorating breezes of their native mountains, have ever remained true to the cardinal principles on which the theory of the Federal Government is based.

This dominant love of freedom seems to be indigenous to every mountain region throughout the habitable globe. And

this has frequently been illustrated in English history, when the vestal fires of freedom were only kept burning amid the Highlands of Scotland. And to day, surrounded by the tyrannies and despotisms of Europe, a gallant and chivalric people, whose territory, reaching above the clouds, penetrates

“ Where fields of light and liquid ether flow,”

maintain their love of freedom pure and spotless as the snow upon their native Alps.

In every contest of the past where the honor, integrity and renown of the United States have been involved, no people have displayed greater alacrity in upholding and maintaining the Government of the United States than the people of East Tennessee.

Subjected to a terrible conscription by the confederates when in possession of that section of the country, it is almost entirely destitute of white male population. The slaves of that region having also sought protection within the Federal lines, the women and children are without the common necessities of life.

As each rebel conscription has been enforced in this section of the Union, the loyal men of East Tennessee, shrinking from the turpitude of fighting against a government which, in the past, had guaranteed to them so many blessings, have fled to their native mountains, preferring to encounter the wild beasts of the forest rather than their still more inhuman neighbors who have yielded to the foul spirit of secession.

The importance in which the region has been held by the rebels as a strategic point for military operations is thoroughly illustrated by the tenacity with which they have struggled to hold their grasp upon it. They fully realize that the sentiments of its population are thoroughly imbued with an inherent love of constitutional freedom. Consequently, the rebel authorities have exercised over it from the first the most tyrannical rule, hoping to crush the spirit of its free people.

But all these circumstances convince us that this part of Tennessee should have been occupied, at the commencement of the struggle, as a basis for military operations in the South. And it is now, as it was in the beginning, the dictate of wise states-

manship to develop the Union sentiment of the South by supporting and strengthening the Unionists in those localities where they are still true to the General Government as in Texas and East Tennessee. And the neglect to do this has led to a merciless rebel conscription in those localities, which has resulted to the advantage of the rebels and the absolute destruction of the Unionists in those States.

These Southern Unionists are the residuary legatees of the authority of the General Government, and the whole power of the nation should be exerted to shield them from persecution and to restore them to their former proud position.

Every day's experience demonstrates that it is the dictate of wisdom to put forth our overwhelming strength, and bring this rebellion to a speedy and immediate close. Whatever cause protracts the war still further, ruins the South; and it is kindness to every section of the country that all our energy should be devoted to bring this rebellion to a triumphant close. The government, then, brought in harmony with the designs of its original founders, will enter upon a new career of greatness and renown, while it recognizes truth, justice and political equality as the foundations of its future prosperity and strength. Let us not forget that the moral world has its laws, as fixed and eternal as those which regulate the material universe. And the nation or statesman that disregards this great truth in the administration of human affairs must, sooner or later, reap the consequences which result from their violation.

In every community there are two opposing forces struggling for supremacy,—one a temporary expediency that looks to personal objects and immediate action—the other founded on moral conviction and regulated by Christian principle; and statesmen and nations are to be measured by the manner in which they are controlled by one or the other of those opposing forces in the administration of human affairs. We are too apt to measure results by the standard of our physical existence. And this it is, and this alone, which causes so many of those who are called to exercise power and influence in public affairs, to regulate their conduct by the immediate circumstances which surround them, instead of looking beyond the present, and basing their action and shaping their policy upon the eternal principles of justice and right.

I shall now have the pleasure, fellow-citizens, of presenting to you one of the gifted sons of East Tennessee—a citizen formerly one of its ablest representatives in the National Congress. Wherever the honor, interest or renown, not only of Tennessee, but of the Union, was concerned, he was their able, eloquent and gifted advocate. Driven from his country, by the persecution of the rebels, he comes to represent to you the sufferings of his countrymen. And should fortune call any of us to his section of the country, to stand there as he stands here to-night, may we then be able to exclaim, as he exclaims here, “These! these are my countrymen, and this! Oh this! is my country!” I have the pleasure to present to you the Hon. N. G. Taylor, who will now address you.

ADDRESS OF HON. N. G. TAYLOR.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, Gentlemen, Fellow-Citizens,—I am here to-night, at the instance of kind citizens of this great metropolis, to address you in reference to East Tennessee, whose representative I have the honor to be on this occasion. I regret that it is not my privilege to congratulate myself, and you, upon the prosperity and happiness of my people; that I cannot tell you, our homes are undisturbed and quiet; that the peace, and tranquillity, and integrity of the family circle is still unbroken; and that there are no sad signs of sorrow, no grating sounds of distress and war echoing among our mountains and valleys. But such are the desolating fruits of rebellion, such the blighting results of internecine war, that I can tell you no such pleasing stories.

I do not come here to your great rich city as a beggar, nor as a representative of beggars; for a population that has always been too proudly patriotic to bow the willing neck to the heartless tyranny of a despotic Southern oligarchy, is still too proud, although beggared by this war, to cringe, as a beggar, and solicit alms of Northern brethren. (Applause.) If you will cast your eye upon the map of the United States, and draw a line upon its face, from Cincinnati to Charleston, S. C., and another

from New York city to New Orleans, I think you will find that their intersection will be near the centre of East-Tennessee, which is that portion of the State of Tennessee lying east of the Cumberland Mountains. It comprises thirty one counties, and contains 10,000 to 15,000 square miles, and a population of 300,000 persons.

This is a mountain region essentially, and is one of the most elevated within the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. It is almost surrounded by lofty mountains, which isolate it from other sections, and make it territorially a State of itself. East Tennessee is indeed a most interesting region, and richly deserving of your warmest sympathies, and your kindest regards, if not your profoundest admiration. "It consists of the broad valley of the magnificent river (Tennessee and its tributaries) which traverses it, from northeast to southwest," for more than two hundred miles, "with a varying width of from fifty to seventy-five miles—and of the slopes of the mountains, which separate it, on the north from Kentucky, on the west from middle Tennessee, and on the southeast from North Carolina and Georgia—a beautiful valley—between beautiful enclosing hills, fertile, many of them, to their summits; sparkling with a hundred tributaries to the noble stream which forms its principle feature." From northeast to southwest this region is traversed, for most of its length, by Powell's, Clinch, Bays, and House Mountains, whose transverse spurs and ridges reach far down into the intervening valleys—giving variety and boldness to a scenery, unsurpassed for loveliness and beauty on the American continent. Our streams are fed by ten thousand clear, bright, pebbly bottomed rivulets, whose cool, laughing waters gush from perennial fountains, away up on the mountain sides, and dance merrily on in their mission of love, awaking the echoes with the melody of their sweet voices. The axe has cleared many thousands of fertile acres, in the valleys, and along the slopes of the hills—which yield their generous fruits to the hardy farmer's toil—but the rich mountains still shade themselves with a boundless profusion of forest verdure, as if to shut out, and hide from man's obtrusive gaze, the wilderness of rich grasses and flowers, there "born to blush unseen."

Stand here with me, on the bank of this clear, rapid little river, and I will show you a landscape that God made for man to love and enjoy. There is the spring under that venerable willow—and its pellucid waters are dancing along, to their own music, in their serpentine track, through grassy meadows where flocks are feeding; to the right, is the great wheat-field already rich with the verdure of spring; beyond is the forest, venerable with age, but strong enough yet to breast the storms of a hundred years; above the forest, there, before you a mile or more away, is the first ridge of the mountain, behind which is the cascade whose silvery waters have nourished whole generations of echoes ever since the flood; still above, far away in the blue distance, rises the grand old mountain itself; on its sides and slopes the primeval forest still spreads its giant arms, as if to shield the millions of beautiful wild flowers, that flourish at its feet, while on its summit, above yon belt of mist, 6,200 feet above the sea, a green grassy prairie meadow, fringed with fir trees, spreads its beautiful bosom to the caresses of the sun. In this mountain-girt realm, there are no dismal swamps, and stagnant, putrid lakes, whence malaria springs to poison man—no miasm taints the air—these find a home in less congenial climes. The pestilential winds from the damp lowlands of the south and southwest, filtered and cooled as they sweep over the lofty crests of our mountains, breathe life and health on all our sunny valleys. Our mountains abound with ores of lead, zinc, copper, silver, and iron; bituminous coal, and many varieties of marble, are found in various localities. Salt has been discovered, and there are mineral waters, of great medicinal value, in almost every county; and we have water-power enough to operate all the machinery of the continent.

This country, these valleys, these mountains, are the homes of 300,000 people, whose misfortune it has been to incur the displeasure of their Southern brethren. Not that they differed, essentially in their sentiments and feelings upon the great national questions that had heretofore, to a greater or less extent, sectionalized the opinions of the country; not that in their sympathies, interests, education, or associations, they were severed from their brethren surrounding them,—but that they cherished

a different appreciation of the Government of the United States, which was committed to them in trust, for the benefit of posterity; not that they loved their kindred less, but their country more. [Applause.]

It is true that many of our kindred of the South are very angry with the people of East Tennessee, and they hate us with great bitterness, and of late have done us great injury. Yet, while the remembrance of this fact is a source of great pain to the people of East Tennessee, they are consoled by the reflection that this animosity and hatred have been engendered by her devotion to the union of these States, by her adherence to the farewell advice of the father of our country, by her persistent refusal to take part or lot in any mad effort for the overthrow of our common government—a government which has always protected its citizens, which has never infringed a solitary right of an individual or a State of this Union, from its beginning down, and which our people believe it to be their religious duty to hand down, as a priceless and inestimable heritage, to their children and children's children. [Loud applause.]

But it is not true that East Tennessee has ever been unfaithful to the Southern people, either in principle or in fact. We believed, and we declared, that the interests and institutions, the happiness, prosperity, and rights of the people of the South, were bound up with and in the Union, and that they could never be preserved outside of the Union. We declared this upon the rostrum and at the hustings,—everywhere, from Carter to Shelby,—from the eastern limit of the State to its western boundary upon the Mississippi river. Inexorable history has vindicated the correctness of our judgment, and demonstrated the weakness and fallacy of theirs. Let the universal prosperity that swelled every channel of their vitality—commercial, political, industrial and social—at the beginning of the war, and within the Union; and the ruined commerce, the paralyzed industry, the bankrupt treasury, the dismembered families, the broken-hearted widows, the orphaned children, the desolated homes and new-made graves of the South without the Union, attest the unutterable folly of those who execrate the people of East Tennessee, because they would not affiliate with

treason. [Applause.] Could those who made this war have been made to taste alone its bitterness and feel its woes, it had been well. Then East Tennessee would have escaped. But, alas! the concentrated fury of the war has rolled over her innocent bosom, and she is in ruins to-day, having nothing left her but pride, poverty, and patriotism.

Her people are the descendants of the pioneer heroes of North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, with here and there a solitary individual from other Northern and Southern States, and, like their illustrious ancestry, they have never learned how to be false to the Constitution and the Union. The pioneer heroes of East Tennessee left their daughters their wives and their old men, to defend themselves against a savage foe, in the great war for independence, while they buckled on their armor and struck for our infant nationality upon the sides and slopes of King's Mountain, under the lead of Shelby and Campbell. In the war of 1812, they fought gallantly on many a battle-field, and triumphed under their own immortal Jackson at New Orleans. [Applause.] In 1832-'3, when Nullification threatened with the sword to cut the Gordian knot of our Union, and when the illustrious Jackson appealed to the Eternal to witness that the Federal Union must be preserved, a united Amen swelled in the hearts and broke from the lips of the people of East Tennessee as from the lips of one man, and they were ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of the integrity of our glorious government. Her stalwart sons were mingled in the front ranks of the Mexican war, and they poured out their blood freely with their fellow-citizens of other States at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, at Monterey and Buena Vista, at Chepultepec and Cherubusco, and helped to swell the shout of victory as our gallant legions marched in triumph into the Grand Plaza of Mexico.

Thus, in peace and in war, in the cabinet and in the field, at the hustings, at the bar, and in the Senate, in public assemblies and private circles, in the homes of the rich and the cabins of the poor, the heart of East Tennessee has ever "kept time to the music of the Union." [Loud applause.] This devotion is not a mere sentiment, it is a passion; nay, more, it is a principle on fire, ever burning, never consumed; it is a heritage of

the blood, transmitted from sire to son, imbibed with mother's milk; stereotyped upon the heart, and rivetted in the soul. [Applause.] Witness the sad history of the past three years! The first test of the Union sentiment of East Tennessee, upon the existing difficulties, was applied in February, 1861. The form of the question then was, "Convention or No Convention," and the election of representatives or delegates by the people to that Convention, in case it should receive a majority in its favor at the pending election? The true test in this election was the aggregate majority of those who vindicated the Union cause during the contest. The questions before the people were amply discussed from the rostrum, and when the day for election came, the State of Tennessee, casting a vote of 130 or 140,000, gave a solid majority of 64,000 opposed to going out of the Union, and of that number, East Tennessee gave 34,000 in favor of the Union, and 7,000 against it. [Applause.] In June, when the question was put in a different form, "Representation or No Representation" East Tennessee again recorded her vote, by overwhelming majorities, against the great treason. Then came persuasions, soft and sweet; syren eloquence, dropped like the dews of Hermon into the ears of our people of the mountains, and our boys were promised exemption from the battle-field if they would only acquiesce and let the storm roll on. Well, fellow-citizens, the August election came, for a Governor, members of Congress, and representatives to the State Legislature. By this time, the bayonets of the Southern Confederacy bristled all over the State of Tennessee. Our great men in the middle and western portions of the State had felt the force of the storm—among them, the man whom I was proud to serve in 1860, as the representative of the Union sentiment of our State in conjunction with my illustrious friend Mr. EVERETT—I mean JOHN BELL. He, and the Ewings, Cave Johnson, Neal Brown, and a host of men whose hearts had been true to the Union until the storm rose, now felt their knees smite together and their hearts fail them, and the fury of the tempest swept them all off into the Southern Confederacy. Our boys in the mountains saw that storm. Efforts were made to keep us from the ballot-box. We were told—"The State having now gone out of the Union, if

you dare to go and vote for the men who are in favor of the old Union, we will see that you are taken care of. We have places prepared for men of your sentiments, and the first thing you know you will find yourselves under the gallows, or in the loathsome dungeons of the Southern Confederacy." The storm came up, from the west and south, and the east of us,—dark, gloomy, gathering blackness with every hour. We heard the muttering thunders in its bosom, we saw the livid flashes, as they illuminated us in our isolated position. But, when the election came, when the rest of the State was falling off and going into treason and the Southern Confederacy, East Tennessee gave a large vote for the Union candidate for Governor, and elected her representative to the Congress of the United States, and her representatives to the legislature, by overwhelming majorities. [Applause.]

Then came violence to individuals: the cutting and shooting down of Union flags; but still, East Tennessee breasted the storm, she still held out faithful; and by-and-by the Confederate Congress, as the war waxed hot and hotter, passed a conscript law; and every man in the community, from eighteen to thirty-five years of age, was enrolled by officers in every neighborhood, appointed for that purpose, and notified to rally at a given time and at a given point, to enter active service for the defence of the rebel cause. Then the exodus, already begun, swelled to hundreds and thousands. Our young men had resolved that they never—no, *never*—could be persuaded or charmed by blandishments or flattery, or forced by bayonets, to strike at the heart of the mother that bore them. [Applause.] No! but they went to their homes, kissed their mothers' lips and received their blessing, they received the fond farewells of their fathers, their sisters, their wives and their little ones, and then went forth, exiles from their own loved land. There was no promise of premiums or bounties to them; there was no hope of wealth, happiness and prosperity in the distance; but they left their homes in the darkness of the night, and ascended the rocky sides of the mountains, 150 or 200 miles from Kentucky, where they hoped to find relief. Ragged and in tatters, with their feet unshod and bleeding, they took the pathless ridges of the mountains, in the darkness of the night, aided by the silvery

rays of the moon or the dimmer light of the stars; and in the daytime, sought the deepest, darkest gorges of the mountains, that they might find shelter and rest until the coming shadows of another night enabled them again to pursue their perilous way, that they might find liberty and the flag of their country, under its folds alone to fight, and, if need be, there to die. [Prolonged applause.]

Regiments, companies, and squads of infantry and cavalry were now distributed over the length and breadth of the country, for the purpose of hunting down and shooting the escaping conscripts. Everywhere they went, and as they went, they entered the houses of the people, searching for arms and ammunition, and thus the people of the whole country were robbed of their muskets and rifles, and left perfectly defenceless. Prominent citizens were arrested now, by armed bands, frequently at midnight, in the bosom of their families, without notice, and carried before some Provost Marshal, or some upstart official, tried before a military commission, hastily got together, *ex parte*, without evidence, and with scarcely the semblance of a charge, sometimes with no charge at all, and then hurried off to the loathsome dungeons of Tuscaloosa, Ala., or Madison, Ga., or Richmond, or Saulsbury, or Knoxville, or Nashville, there to lie in the midst of unutterable filth and vermin, to pine away and famish upon their scanty and miserable fare, and sometimes to die in utter despair. I, myself, have known the facts of which I speak. Men as reputable as any in East Tennessee have suffered in this way. I will mention one case. Mr. Pickens had been a representative in the State Legislature; he was a man of heart, a man of soul, a man of intelligence, a man who was popular among all our people, a good citizen, and true and loyal to his country; but he had been ostracised, and in compliance with the order of Benjamin at Richmond was seized, without charges, carried South, and in the loathsome dungeons of Tuscaloosa, Ala., he paid the forfeit of his life, and became a martyr to the glorious cause of human liberty and the Union of these States. [Applause.]

Sir, such instances are not rare in our community. The prisons of the South have been filled with the best men of East

Tennessee ; and it is said by those who know, that not less than five thousand—think of it, fellow-citizens!—not less than five thousand of the men of East Tennessee, because they were true to their country, because they loved the flag that emblemized all that they held dearest on earth, because they would not bow the knee to Baal, nor receive upon their necks the yoke of the king of the South, have been snatched from their homes by the hand of power, and borne away into captivity. The railroad bridge near my home was burned, and parties charged with burning it were arrested, tried by a drumhead court-martial, according to the order of Benjamin, and hung ; and I speak but the truth when I tell you, that at least two of those gentlemen—for they were gentlemen, honorable, high-minded, intelligent, moral, upright citizens of the community in which they lived—two, at least, I say, of those who were thus ignominiously hung, and their bodies left dangling in the air, knew not that they were sentenced until they were brought within sight of the gibbet upon which they were to expiate with their lives that offence which they had committed against the Southern Confederacy, of being true to their own government !

Thus affairs moved on, and Terror shook her black banner over all our country ; and, to make the reign of terror still more fearful, a legion of tawny Indians, whose forefathers had been wont, in other times, to tomahawk and scalp the citizens of our section of the country, were brought from their mountain regions, with their painted faces, and wild, unearthly whoops, and put upon the track of our remaining young men. But be it ever remembered, to their credit, that these poor, half-civilized Cherokees were less savage on the trail than their pale-faced companions in arms [applause] ; and the people, after the first terror had subsided, and they found the kindness of heart that existed in the bosoms of these Indians, preferred a thousand Cherokee Indians in their neighborhood to one captain's company of rebel soldiers.

Several regiments of citizens had now volunteered, and hundreds more had been compelled by coercion to enter the rebel lines, and to serve in the rebel army ; and about this time, Aug. 1863, Jeff. Davis made another call, running up to forty-five years of age ; and at the same time, Gov. Harris issued an addi-

tional call, embracing all up to fifty-five years of age ; so you see that all our population from eighteen years of age up to fifty-five were called for by these several authorities. But hark ! the drum and spirit-stirring fife are heard ; and the starry banners, the gleaming bayonets, and federal blue uniforms of BURNSIDE'S hosts are seen on the hills of the Cumberland as they hasten to the redemption and relief of our suffering people. The army of Gen. Bragg had been, just previously, compelled to evacuate Chattanooga, and Gen. Rosecrans occupied that extremity of the State ; our young men at once sprung from their hiding places and their coverts in the mountains, and rallied to the standard of their country, under the lead of the gallant champions of the Union, and our mothers, sisters, wives, and old men, were left alone to occupy our homes. To-day, fellow-citizens, more than 25,000 East Tennesseans wear the uniform and bear the arms of your country and my country. [Prolonged and enthusiastic applause.] While I would not disparage any other section of these United States in its patriotism, I must say for my section, that in the midst of all their sufferings and trials, privations and perils, they have furnished to the support of our government more men, in proportion to their population—more than two to one—than any other section of the country. [Applause.]

As Gen. BURNSIDE, in September, marched with his conquering hosts towards Upper East Tennessee, the rebel army retreated before him ; but as they went, thinking, perhaps, that they were seeing the last of East Tennessee, they seized upon the property, the live stock, especially, of the Union farmers, all over the country, where they could find it, and carried it off with them. From that moment the work of devastation went on with accelerated momentum. Many times have the Union and rebel armies traversed the whole length of East Tennessee, exhausting the country all around for current supplies, and, at every moment, widening the track of ruin that they left behind them. In the track of the armies came robbers, who found convenient hiding-places and rallying points in the mountains that skirt our valleys, and came down and claimed their share of the property of our plundered people ; and thus our barns and stables, our cribs and dwellings, were entered and robbed, and our people

left utterly destitute. The very wearing apparel of our women and children was seized by these ruffians, and carried out of our houses. Our blankets and bed-clothing, everything that was calculated to render the soldiers more comfortable, was seized by the strong hand, and carried away. Our tanneries shared the same fate. They had all been compelled, in the reign of the rebels, to contribute sixty per cent. of their leather to the government for the shoeing of their soldiers; but now, when they were retreating from the State, they seized all the leather in the vats, and bore it away, leaving our old men, women and children, to meet the rigors of the passing winter bare-footed, as well as almost naked.

Believe me, fellow-citizens, East Tennessee has drunk the full cup of suffering, and nothing seems left her now but to drain its bitterness to the very dregs. She has sacrificed everything but loyalty and honor, she has suffered everything but dishonor and death; and now destitution and famine, followed by despair and death, are trampling upon the thresholds of her sad homes, are entering their very doors, ready to consummate the sacrifice and complete the suffering. But, thank God, through all her sufferings, she has been faithful. Persuasions, threats, insults, imprisonments, wounds, stripes, privations, chains, confiscations, gibbets, and military murders, the clash of arms, the "terribleness of armies with banners," and all the combined and concentrated horrors of internecine war marshalled upon her battle-torn bosom, and hurling sorrow and ruin into all her homes, have never corrupted her loyalty, nor driven her a solitary line from her devotion to the government of our fathers. [Great applause.] Left unprotected, when she ought to have been protected by the government that she loved, interior and isolated, disarmed before she could organize, she was seized and pinioned by a power that overrode all law, and trampled constitutional liberty under its feet. Choked down, under a reign of terror black as the night of Robespierian rule in Paris, her proud neck has felt the heel of a despotism more heartless and crushing than the power of an autocracy. Her loyal people, because they could not do otherwise, have submitted, for more than two dreadful years, to a bondage their inmost hearts have abhorred—a bondage that fetters the soul, and seals the lips,

and all but closes the door of hope. We have breathed but to live, and lived but to pray, "Oh, Lord, how long?" Thank God! the prayer of the oppressed is answered, and East Tennessee, in answer to our prayers, is almost free, and the grand old banner floats once more triumphantly, gloriously, over our mountain-girt home, and there may it float forever! [Loud applause.]

"Flag of our hearts, our symbol and our trust,
 Though traitors trample thy bright folds in dust,
 Though vile ambition, dark rebellion's lust,
 Conspire to tear thee down;
 Mill'ons of loyal lips thy folds caress,
 Millions of loyal hearts thy stars do bless,
 Millions of loyal hands will round thee press,
 To guard thy old renown." [Cheers.]

With this history of the people of East Tennessee before you, it is for you to determine whether this brave and patriotic population shall be suffered to fall and perish in their devotion to our common country, by the blighting hand of famine, or whether your philanthropy and benevolence shall interpose to shield and protect and guard and save them. East Tennessee, my native East Tennessee, has sacrificed all she had for the country. Her horses, her mules, her flocks and herds, her cattle upon a thousand hills, have all been offered up; her corn and wheat are all consumed; her young men—all who have not perished in the camp or on the battle-field—are now swelling the ranks of your victorious armies; and, now our matrons and maidens, our old men and little children, our soldiers' widows and orphaned babes, are all bound and upon the altar; already the sacrificial knife is uplifted; it trembles in the hand of Famine;—may God save my people, and avert the stroke, in this their day of sorrow and trial!

While the scourge of this cruel war has thus blighted and blasted, devastated and ruined East Tennessee, the land of the free, the home of the loyal and brave, it has scarcely been felt north of Mason and Dixon's line. On the contrary, a degree of prosperity, such as you have never experienced, has poured into the lap of the people of the North and West boundless wealth. The labors of your agriculturists have been

succeeded by the blessings of a gracious Providence ; your mechanics have received remunerative prices for all the labor they could perform ; your merchants have seen their trade prosper beyond all parallel ; your manufacturers have expanded and enlarged their operations in every branch of manufacture ; and your mineral region is pouring forth, from the bowels of the earth, uncounted wealth. Whether you will make this vast increase of wealth a source of blessing to yourselves, your children, your country, and the world, is a problem that is left for you to solve. The desolations and ruin of this unnatural and cruel war have opened a wide field for your philanthropy and benevolence. Will you enter it?—will you sow it? Will you cultivate it? If so, an abundant crop of blessings will fall upon your basket and upon your store, upon your homes and hearths, and, above all, upon your hearts. [Applause.]

When starving Ireland was weeping over her famishing children, as they drooped and died in the remorseless grasp of famine, her wail of woe was heard across the wide waste of waters, and America wept in sympathy with Ireland ; but while she lifted up, with one hand, their dying heads, with the other she ministered nourishment and life to the perishing children of the Emerald Isle. A nobler example of national magnanimity and Christian charity can scarcely be produced from the annals of the world. Yet these people were the subjects of a foreign government, and were strangers beyond the sea. The cry of suffering now comes to the American ear and falls upon the American heart from the famishing lips of our own people ; and East Tennessee, from the summits of her rock-ribbed mountains, with one hand beckons to her rich and and powerful and flourishing sisters of the North, and with a bursting heart, and tearful eye points with the other to the desolation that hangs like a pall of death over her forty thousand ruined homes in the valleys below. Will those sisters prove angels of blessing and of mercy, and bring peace and happiness and hope to those desolate homes again, or will they leave their past munificence alone to illustrate and adorn and glorify their history? That you, fellow-citizens, do sympathize with my people, and that you are ready to open your hands for their relief, I cannot doubt ; and especially when I remember that

the appeal of the suffering and the sorrowful, the afflicted and the bereaved of earth, has never been made in vain to your magnanimous and benevolent people. Sir, the question is reduced to one of life or death. General Grant wrote to General Robert Anderson a few days ago, as I learned from him, saying that there were three alternatives for the people of East Tennessee; one was, to be carried out of their section to where they could find something to eat; another was, that provisions should be carried to them; and the last was, if neither of the others were adopted, that the people of East Tennessee must perish in the midst of their mountains. Sir, I do not believe you intend that these people shall perish. I will not believe it till I see their bones bleaching among their native hills. [Great applause.] I believe you have hearts that palpitate in unison with their hearts; I believe you have hands that will open for their relief.

Sir, the very soil of East Tennessee, from the beetling crags of the White Top Mountain to the battle-scarred summit of the Lookout, is henceforth classic ground; every neighborhood has witnessed the conflict of arms; almost every county has felt the shock of battle; and some of the most memorable and bloody struggles that history will record have been fought on her bosom. The red sea of war has rolled its fiery billows over all her valleys, and rivulets of blood from her slippery hill-sides have swelled the tide of death. The lines of fire have illumined her midnight heavens, from Bristol-on-the-Line to the summits of the Cumberland, like the quick, lurid flashings of the tempest. The roar of trampling war-steeds spurred to battle, the clash of sabres, the sharp rattle of musketry, and the solemn thunder of artillery, mingling with the shrieks of the wounded, the yells of the vanquished, and the shouts of the victorious, have aroused the slumbering echoes in all her remotest solitudes. Rosecrans met disaster there, and thousands of brave hearts ceased to beat on the mournful field. But, near the same ground, the hero of twenty victories won back the goddess to our country's standard, and the unpretending Grant led the hosts of Freedom to triumph again. (Vociferous applause.)

The impetuous Sherman, along the slopes and summit of Mission Ridge, leads his brave legions to victory at the cannon's

mouth; the cool and dauntless Thomas, with his gallant veterans, flashes terror into the hearts of the foe; but it is reserved for fighting Joe Hooker and his splendid corps, following the flight of the American eagle, to scale the steep sides of Lookout Mountain, snatch victory from the rebels on its lofty summit, and re-echo in pealing thunders, above the clouds, the shouts of triumph from the armies below. (Great applause.)

The investment of Knoxville by Longstreet, the masterly strategy with which Potter deceived and out-manouvered the rebel chief, the siege, the various assaults and sallies, the murderous charge and bloody repulse, the daring attempt upon Fort Saunders, where young Benjamin won immortal honor by his undaunted daring, the deadly conflict, the disastrous retreat, have given many a name to a proud immortality—

“ And Manson, Potter, White,
And Parke, are dashing through the fight;
Ferrero, Hascall, Carter, rush
Secession's hydra head to crush;
And waving high his glittering sword,
The Morgan-tamer Shackelford
Pants to begin the steeple-chase,
And win again immortal race!”

The gallant Saunders, with his new-born star,
Gleams for a moment through the cloud of war,
Yields, the young hero, on the bloody sod,
His name to glory, and his soul to God!

“ While Burnside proved, on sea and land,
Full worthy of his high command,
With genial, but undaunted soul,
Arrays and well directs the whole;
Moves *on* his veteran army corps,
And fadeless laurels plucks once more.
Hail! chieftain of the rescue, hail!
A saddened land shall cease to wail
While ‘comrades’ give thee just renown,
And grateful States with honor crown:
Mothers shall teach their babes thy name,
And prattling childhood lisp thy fame;
Our hills shall clap their joyous hands,
And shout for thee and thy brave bands
The voice of age its thanks express,
And unborn generations bless.”

Mingled forever in the historic page that perpetuates their heroic deeds, as on the bloody fields where they won their fame, are the sons of every loyal State in the Union. Our valleys and hill-sides entomb the remains of the slain patriots of every State who died there for their country; together they fought, united they fell; the same sod that was enriched by their blood, mingling as it flowed, grows green over the bosoms that rest, side by side, in the same grave; they died under the same starry banner in defence of the same great country, and their brave souls together were heralded to the spirit world by the loud thunders of battle. They sleep in East Tennessee's bosom, beside her own murdered sons. The maidens of the mountains will plant flowers on their graves, and water them with tears; generations of patriots will honor their memories; the everlasting mountains will sentinel their dust; and the sighing winds of autumn, and the bright waters of the valleys, shall murmur their requiem forever.

By the sacrament of fire, by the baptism of blood, East Tennessee is consecrated to liberty and the Union. Neglected by the Government, anathematized by Davis and his myrmidons—exhausted by friends—pillaged by enemies—all battle-scarred and bleeding, her tattered garments dyed red with the life-blood of her slaughtered sons—ruin and destitution all around her, and gaunt famine clutching at the vitals of her little children—there she is, pierced with anguish, and scalding tear-drops are on her pale cheek; crowned with sorrows, sublimely, grandly beautiful, she sits like a queen in the midst of her mountains—the queen of a desolate realm. She is my mother! I am proud of that mother, and I would rather write myself a son of East Tennessee, clothed in the bloody tatters her loyalty has entailed upon her, than to flourish and luxuriate in the wealth of a prince—with the brand of “traitor” stamped upon my brow. [Loud applause.] She is the sister of the great States of the North and West—the daughter of the nation—and her devotion to the nation has cost her all she has lost, and all she is suffering now. But who is it, men of New York, ladies of the Empire State—who is it that challenges your sympathy and demands your aid? Not the strong men of the land, not our young men—No: *they* are all gone—

“ Their thousands swell the bannered hosts
Of which a mighty nation boasts.”

They are struggling beside your New York boys, fighting and dying with them for the nation's life, for our common country. (Applause.) It is the fathers and mothers, the wives and children of these heroic mountaineers—who call to you, from the brink of the grave, for help. Their cry is, “ We have suffered all, sacrificed all, given all we had—and we would do it all over again, if necessary, for our love of country : and now, *shall* we give up our *lives* also ?” Fellow-citizens of New York, you cannot, you will not, you dare not permit it. Oh ! then reach out your strong hand and save them—for a nobler race breathes not on earth's broad surface, and *they are your brethren*. Pennsylvania has heard—Philadelphia has answered, and her noble benefaction is already on the way to the scene of destitution ; Maine has listened, with tearful eye and trembling heart, to the tale of woe, and sends a generous contribution to the suffering : and Massachusetts, with a liberality that illustrates her largeness of heart, has, through her noble-souled Committee, at Boston, drawn out a subscription, reaching already to more than \$60,000, and averaging still, more than \$2,000 per day. Will the Empire State, will the Metropolitan City—that has a single street operating a capital of more than \$300,000,000, and a world-wide commerce concentrating at her gates—stand aloof in the noble work of saving from the blight of famine the destitute sufferers of East Tennessee ? No, sir : No ! I know your charity and benevolence have been, and are continually taxed, by the demands of this cruel war, and you have voluntarily and cheerfully met the demands. Have you *lost* anything, have you been impoverished, in purse or in heart, *by giving* for charity ? Nay : but prospered and enlarged in your ability to give. Many millions have been contributed to those noble Christian enterprises, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and you are preparing now to endow one of them, in this great city, with at least a million more. God bless you, in your noble purpose, and crown your efforts with the most ample success. But oh ! ought you not, likewise, to respond promptly, adequately, magnanimously, to the *just claims* East Tennessee presents this day upon your patriotism and honor, not

less than upon your philanthropy and Christianity? If East Tennessee is weak, poor, desolated, charred by fire, blasted by the sword, pillaged of her property, wasted of all her substance, bereft of her sons, and pallid with hunger—it is because she has loved the Union, adhered to the Constitution, and hated treason; because she has been faithful to the Government, and ready to die for the flag; *our* Union, cemented by the blood of *our* fathers; *our* Constitution, devised by their wisdom; *our* Government, the Constitution in action; the Union exerting its functions; *our* flag, the symbol of *our* liberty, the emblem of *our* nationality, the glory of *our* past, *our* pride of the present, *our* hope and promise of the future. (Applause.) Now, if in the maintenance and defence of our *common* right and property in this *common heritage*, East Tennessee has lost, and sacrificed all *her individual* property, and all *her means* of living, is it demanding *largely* of your sense of mere *equity*, and *justice*, to ask you to SAVE HER PEOPLE FROM STARVATION, till they can have time and opportunity to make bread?

But, sir, my people, not only want bread, they desire peace. Every consideration of humanity, patriotism, charity,—the hopes of mankind,—the principles of christianity,—the interests and prosperity, of the world, even of the rebellious South demand peace,—honorable lasting peace. I am not here to say hard things of the Southern people,—they are my brethren by blood—the friends of my youth, the companions of my riper years. I love them still, and I thank God, that I have a heart alive to the wide distinction between the offence and the offender. With unutterable loathing, and abhorrence, I hate the sin,—but the sinner is my brother still. This horrible rebellion I abominate, with unspeakable detestation, but the rebel is my kin for all that,—and him I would subdue, reclaim, and save, if possible. Besides, sir, large masses of these people, I know to be,—though wearing the harness of rebellion, as true, at heart, as you,—who have never yet been tried in the furnace of a despotism. From the beginning, they have had an iron hand upon them,—they have breathed an atmosphere of terrorism, such as must be felt to be known. That terrorism has compelled, coerced thousands of Southern men into the rebel army,—and chains them there to-day,—while thousands of others are, vol-

untarily, there, because intelligent, ingenious traitor leaders have misled them, with gilded falsehoods. I hope and pray that the day of their deliverance will soon come. These, thus constrained, and thus misled, ought to have peace. Sir, the horrible prospects of the beautiful South, as well as the memory of its past prosperity, and wealth, and influence,—and the death-like desolation that overshadows it now,—the seas of blood spilled there,—the ocean of tears wept there, by widowed women and orphaned children,—all these demand peace. But how are you to have peace? That is the great question. There are but two methods of obtaining peace that I can think of. One is, to concede all the rebel leaders demand,—that is, the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, as an independent Government,—consequently the disintegration and dismemberment of the United States,—and, of course, the remanding of the Border States, with their loyal inhabitants,—together with the bones of your heroes, that fell in battle, to *their lawful possession forever*. This is *one* of the ways by which we can get peace. Are you ready to accept, will you adopt it? (Cries of “No.”) Will you permit it? (Cries of “Never, never.”) Must we, then, war on forever? (Voices, “Yes.”) No, my friends, I will tell you a better plan. Let us bring this dreadful war to a close the other way,—the only other way, by *fighting it out with overwhelming and irresistible numbers*. (Applause.) Fight it out on its merits and demerits, and let every other question, even the “Negro,” alone. Inevitable destiny governs *that* question, and God is destiny,—let us leave that question to His wisdom, and rest assured, He will settle it all right. God rules, and He has brought the counsels of the wise, of all parties, to naught, on this question. For forty years, some of your greatest men, in the pulpit,—at the press, and in the political world, have been trying to tear down slavery. What had they all accomplished before this war? Had they even abraded the surface of the “Institution.” Believe me, in 140 years, their labors would have borne the same result,—leaving the Constitution untouched.

Well, there was another party, down South, that was for *preserving* it, because they held it to be a right, under the Constitution,—because it represented a large portion of the capital,

as well as the labor of the South. I was one of that party. We said, preserve the Union and you protect slavery, destroy the Union, and all its bulwarks are gone. Well, Gentlemen, this party failed. Another party, there, assumed to be the exclusive guardians and custodians of the Institution. They called us by way of reproach, Republicans, Abolitionists, Lincolnites. These men declared, that neither the Constitution, nor the flag, were a sufficient protection to slavery, and that it could only be saved by taking it out of the Union—therefore, they tore the Constitution into fragments, trampled it under their unhallowed feet, and threw themselves and slavery beyond the protection of the flag. This party has been defeated also. And now, in reference to slavery, God's finger, through the instrumentality of these traitor leaders, writes "Tekel" on the wall. (Applause.) Let the blame or the glory attach where it properly belongs. The abolitionist North failed to even wound it, the Union men of the South could not save it,—but Providence has permitted the madness and folly of Jefferson Davis and his allies in three years, to free more negroes than all the abolitionists North could have liberated in one thousand years. They designed to perpetuate, and have maimed and crippled the institution, (which they loved better than their country,) I believe, unto death, and, in their own fall, they have dragged tens of thousands of innocent and good men into the same ruin with themselves. For myself I have to say, I am not a Republican, nor an Abolitionist, but a veteran Whig, of the Clay-Webster school. (Cheers.) But I have this much of true Democracy in me,—that I have formed my love of country upon the model of, not Webster and Clay alone, but of the illustrious hero whose ashes repose at the Hermitage—Andrew Jackson. (Applause.) With that sort of Democracy, and all other parties, and isms, that love their country more than they love any party, I am willing to strike hands, under the banner of my country, and march side by side with them, to victory. (Cheers.) Having sacrificed all I possessed, but a few negroes and my land, I am ready to sacrifice these, also, if need be, for the restoration of the Union, and the perpetuation of Constitutional liberty.

But I said we must have peace, and was pointing out the only honorable way left us of obtaining it. Make our armies so

stroug as to trample, crush, and smother out the last spark of treason, and rebellion-in-arms, anywhere within the territorial limits of the nation. (Immense applause.) If you have any treason lurking here at the North or in the great West, frown it down with public opinion,—crush it out at the ballot-box,—everywhere let the names of the traitors be, as they will be in history, a hissing and a by-word :

“ Be every false detested name
Condemned to everlasting fame !”

Whether his tomb be found North or South of Mason and Dixon’s line—

“ Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave, ever,
Blessing shall hallow it—
Never, no never !”

Not by little armies of 400,000 or 500,000 can you destroy this monster Rebellion. Its boundary is too large, its empire too great. At first you called out 75,000 men. You were excusable. You had not grasped the magnitude of the movement. But three years of experience ought to enlighten men. Our generals have met the foe on many a field, they have tested their mettle, they have measured their strength, they have felt their prowess, they have tried their courage, they know they fight well,—they ought to know that nothing can break and beat them but overwhelming force. Then nothing remains to be done but to send men enough to whip them. (Applause.) But have you men to draw upon? Why, sir, it seems to me there are men enough in this single city to double all your armies. Your thoroughfares are crowded day and night, your streets are thronged everywhere I go,—which way I turn is a continuous tide of men; and if Davis could have one sweep here with his conscription in New York, he would not ask a recruit for three years to come; there is a perfect human avalanche rolling on forever. Now is the time, sir, while we have but *one* enemy on hand. By-and-by, we may have to settle with France. Next year we may have a trouble with England. Then while the coast is clear, and peace remains outside, we ought to clean up the Rebellion and be ready for the stormy or the peaceful future. Let us stop speculating, stop wrangling over politics,

stop making Presidents, and arranging for fat jobs and big contracts, and make it the *serious, earnest, business of rulers, and people, army and navy, to CONQUER a lasting and a glorious peace at home.* Sir, our Ship of State is in perilous seas—Scylla a-port, Charybdis a-lea—breakers ahead and reefs all round; there are pirates in sight, and mutineers on board, and the terrible hurricane howls o'er the sea.

Shall the crew of that noble vessel, freighted with our wives and children and loved ones, freighted with our hopes for all time to come, freighted with the prospects of liberty and the hopes of freedom of all earth's inhabitants that know or have heard of us—shall her crew, in the midst of this storm, fall to fighting as to who shall next command the ship? [Applause.] Oh, is it not the part of patriotism for every man, in this dark hour, to come and strengthen the heart of the helmsman to stand at his post? [Enthusiastic and prolonged applause.] And no matter what questions may separate and divide that crew, is it not their duty to stand in the midst of the storm, and say to the helmsman—"Guide our bark safely through! Here we are, at your back, and we will stand by you through the storm!" [Renewed applause.] Sir, if we do this, the vessel will soon pass between Scylla and Charybdis; she will leap over the breakers and the reefs, and when we get out upon a calm sea, and upon a prosperous voyage, then, and not until then, can we settle the questions that we may choose to raise.

"—————sail on, O Ship of State!

"Sail on, O Union strong and great!

"Humanity with all its fears,

"With all the hopes of future years,

"Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

"In spite of rock and tempest's roar,

"In spite of false lights on the shore,

"Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!

"Our hearts, our hopes, are still with thee;

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

"Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,

"Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

We look behind us and see the loveliness of peace; now that she is gone we remember a thousand winning charms we never perceived when she made our country an Eden, our homes, even the humblest, a Paradise. We look before us, she is fled

and the grim visaged monster war, armed with fire-brand and sword, and every implement of death, has planted himself square between us and the dove-eyed angel peace, whom we so ardently love, and long to embrace. If we would win and recapture peace, we must, first, conquer and bind the monster between us and her. Then let her sweet image gleam upon the bristling points of fifteen hundred thousand bayonets [tremendous and long-continued applause]; let it blaze upon the glittering steel of five hundred thousand swords; let it leap from the mouths of ten thousand cannon, and the echo of that thunder will bring peace to every home and house and heart throughout the length and breadth of our reunited country. [Hearty applause.] When the atmosphere is damp and filled with malaria, and death moves in every breeze, then, sir, what do we want? We want the keen flash of heaven's electricity, we want the live thunder, rolling from mountain top to mountain top; and then all is purified, all is calm, all is serene and healthful once more. [Cheers and shouts.]

It is in mercy's name I ask for this. I can only tolerate war, because it is the shortest, most direct, and only way, to honorable and lasting peace; and I beg for war, on the grandest scale, in order to make peace sure, beyond a doubt. Give us the largest amount of physical force, in the face of the enemy, *ready* to fall upon and destroy them, that they may not be destroyed, and fill untimely graves. [Loud applause.]

Sir, I trust the time is coming, and will soon be here, when this cruel war will be over. I trust the day is soon coming which is to prove but the dawn of that prosperity which is in reservation for our glorious country in the near and far-off future, when, reunited, we shall sit under our own vine and fig tree, everywhere, and none shall make us afraid; when the watchword of the sentinels upon Liberty's watch tower, as it is uttered upon the coast of the Atlantic, shall be echoed all along the line, until the last man hears and returns the salutation by the shore of the distant Pacific.

"Our Union, ordained by Jehovah!

"Man sets not the fiat aside;

"As well cleave asunder the welkin,

"As the one mighty system divide

“The grand Mississippi sounds ever,
 “From pine down to palm, the decree ;
 “The spindle, the corn, and the cotton,
 “One pæan shout, Union to thee !”

Having already trespassed upon your patience too long [cries of “go on”], I must close my remarks.

I thank you, for your very polite attention, and will express my earnest hope that you will keep what I have said, in your memory, think upon it, and act.

Gen. W. K. STRONG :—Mr. Chairman, it is deeply to be regretted that more of our fellow citizens have not had an opportunity of listening to the recitals, which we have heard this stormy evening. The touching and eloquent appeal from the distinguished speaker who has just taken his seat, must sensibly affect all hearts. We cannot consent that he shall retire from this city, under the impression that this is to be the last he is to hear from this appeal to us. I therefore beg to move, that the gentleman who have had charge of the inauguration of this meeting, be requested to take such further steps, as, may be proper to enable the citizens of New York to make a fitting response to the appeal, which has been to-night so truthfully, so touchingly, and so eloquently made by Col. Taylor, of East-Tennessee.

The motion was carried by acclamation.

THE CHAIRMAN :—All who wear the uniform of the republic when this war is over, must be entitled to its civil and political rights. (Applause.) The distinguished gentleman has adverted to the fact, that he was a member of the old Whig party. I desire to say, that I continued a member of the old national democratic party, until this threatened overthrow of the Government took place, and then I trampled party beneath my feet. (Cheers.) And here I ask my friend to say to this meeting, with his hand pledged in mine, whether, if it becomes necessary to sweep slavery from the Union, to save the Country, he, as a Tennessean, is not willing it shall be done.

Col TAYLOR :—(putting his hand in that of the chairman)—Yes, slavery and everything else in the way—if it stand in the way of the nation’s integrity and existence—let it go down forever.

